

# THE CHARACTER OF AN Ignoramus DOCTOR.

**A**N *Ignoramus Doctor* is a certain *Duncical Dolt*, who is as much a *Doctor*, as *Osborn's* ragged *Colt* was a *Surgeon*. Hang him out, and he may indeed serve for the *Sign of one*, but has really no more Right to the *Habit*, than an *Algerine* to wear *Christian Colours*: Let's strip therefore his Gown over his Ears, and 'twill quickly appear, what a *Monstrous REPRESENTATIVE Beast* he is. To begin then with his *Noddle*; as Dull and Blockish it is as the *Beetle's*. In his *Brazen Forehead* is writ *ABOMINATION*. His *Eyes* are *Murdering* as the *Basilisk's*; tho' *Blindish* too as the *Bat's*. With his *Screech-Owl's Voice*, he bodes Death and Destruction. His *Tongue*, like the *Serpent's*, is *Forked* and *Double*. His *Mouth*, with that of the *Revelation-Beast*, speaks *Lies* and *Blasphemies*, and out of it issues Wild-fire, in which (tho' others are consum'd) the *Salamander-Fiend* himself, subsists. His *Throat* is an *open Sepulchre*, and no *Camel* was ever so big as to choak him. Like the *Fabulous Minotaur*, he really *lives* upon *Humane Entrails*, and is fed with the *Quarters* of *Sacrific'd Men*, and glutted with their *Bloud*, the *Unchristen'd Canibal* looks *Flush* and *Ruddy*. No *Morsel* is so *Hard* and *Blondy*, but his *Ostrich-Stomack* can digest it: but to sweeten the *Stench* of his *Carriion-breath*, the *Savage* for *Desert* chews *Tobacco*, and that, 'till it runs out of his *Chaps* again like *Juice of Toad*. With the *Egyptian Frogs* and *Lice*, he infests the *Royal Palace*, creeps into the *King's Chambers*, and like the *Locust* and *Caterpillar* devours his *Bread*; with which being *Farting*-full, the *Harpy* defiles and squirts upon the very *Table* that feeds him, and as the *Starving Snake* reviv'd, thrusts out his *Sting* at all that ever reliev'd him. Yet the *Slave*, when *Hungry*, is, as the *Dog*, *Fawning* and *Couchant*: When in the least *Danger*, *Timorous*, as the *Rat*; but guarded by his *Whiffers* the *Rabble*, as *Bold* as the *Polecat*. Lo! some of the *Ingredients* that go to the *compounding* of this *Non-such-Sham-Doctor*, this *Hotch-pot* of an *Animal*, which consider'd asunder are not only the *Worst* that can be, but in Him the *Worst put together*: for Review him as he is an *Individuum*, you will find him the *Only One* of a strange *Species* never heard of before, for certainly nothing that ever yet breathed is like him.

The *Monster* was begot (as some will have it) by the *Gyant Typhon*, in the shape of a *Broken Tub-preaching Weaver*, upon the *Body* of the foul *Viper Echidna*; tho', others say, he sprung out of a *Dunghill*, of which in truth, he is the very *Purging* and *Off-scouring*. From the very time he cou'd crawl, he liv'd always on *Wash*, *Greazie Trenchers*, and *Arse-guts*; still *Needy*, *Naked*, and *Noysome*, as when he dropt from his *Dam* Unlick'd, and with all his *Original Filth* about him. His *Breeding* is as *obscure* as his *Birth*, tho' we find that when he came to the *Age* of 30 he went to *School*; to get (as some thought) a little smattering in *Latine*, tho' really it was a *Pretence* to beg *Bread*. Nor was it long before the *Younger Fry* smelt him out, so that every little *Pop-o'-my-Thumb* made him a *May-game*: Some wou'd *kick* him, some *grub*, and *tweak* him by the *Beard*; others wou'd *fillip* at his *Nose*; and every one had a *fling* at him, 'till finding him still the same *Idle Troublesom Drone*, they

they by common consent quickly *chas'd* him away for altogether. But wherever he went, he was still the *Vomit* and *Nuisance* of the Place, nay the *Grievance* of the very *Scavengers* themselves: In his own Defence therefore, was always forc'd to be a *Runagate* and *Vagabond*. *Beggary* and *Hunger* still pursuing him, *Satan* at last, by the Temptation of *Faiteess* and *Plenty*, enter'd into him; and from that time, the *Staroling* made himself over, and *contracted* to become the *First Son of Belial*, the *Sans-pareil Swearer*, *Hell's Narrative-Hawker*, and the *Devil's Affidavit-Lrudge*: In consideration of which, he was promis'd *three or four Dishes a Meal*; that he should (like *Dr. Faustus*) fly over the World, *Unseen*; and converse *Invisibly* with *Grandees* at *Rome*, *Paris*, *Madrid*, *Salamanca*, and most of the chief Cities upon Earth, nay should be in several places at one time; That he should have the pleasure of frightening Thousands out of their Wits, with *Armies in the Air*, and *under Ground*; and by *Swearing*, to make 'em believe what he pleas'd; That *Tom Thumb* slew the two Gyants *Amarant* and *Colbron*, and that the seven *Champions Arm'd* with *Black-Bills* and *Mustard-Balls*, were Listed to invade *Property*, and set up *Pepery*; nay, and that in his own Favour, he should make *Black* be call'd *White*; *Non-sence*, *Sence*; *Lies*, *Trnth*; *Sawciness*, *Good-Manners*; and *Beggery*, *Chastity*. That in all these his Adventures, he should have the Assistance of his *Familiars*, *Lucifer*, *Beelzebub*, and *Ashteroth*; and that, whatever mischief he did, he should, like *Cain*, have a *Mark* on him, (for a time at least) that no body should have power to kill him.

All this the *Caitiff* has, in some measure, seen fulfill'd; and being in a kind of Extasie, by the seeming good luck of his *Fool-hardy Villanies*, he *blunders* on, seems to pass away his Time well enough, *Eats* and *Drinks* like a *Swine*; has two or three *Catch-Pole like Porkers* to attend him, whose *Posterior*s he often taw's, or (as Mother *Creswel* terms it) *Flogg's*; and when he has rais'd his own Beastly Concupiscence, *Tilts* at 'em with his *Nasty Clyster-Pipe*. He puts the thoughts of his *last Execution-day* far from him; yet at present, *LIES, Swears, and Blasphemes*, as if he were already plung'd in his Infernal Flames. *SO HELP ME GOD*, 'is the only Prayer he has power to make; nor that neither, but when he rams down a *Lye* with a *Deadly Oath*, which is his new *Whiggish* Phrase, and Equivalent to *GOD DAM ME*, in earnest: And in truth the *Wretch* is but *just qualify'd* to receive the *Damnation*, he seems *predestinated* himself to *pray for*; having no more *Rationality*, than serves to put him out of the Rank of down right *Brutes*; and that only, that he might not be so Happy as the *Feast* that perishes.

Behold! the *Engine-Idol* which the *Mobile* once admir'd, as the *Egyptians* did *Stinking-Garlick*, *Dogs*, and *crocodiles*! The *Will-o'-th'-Wisp*, who with *False Fires* led them into *Quagmites* and *Ditches*! Who with his *Hurricane Contradictory Breath* turn'd all things, as 'twere, *Topsy-turvy*, to a *Miracle*! for being in Himself an *Object too vile* for the *Dogs* to piss upon, every Effect, of which he seems the Instrument, is really a *Miracle*; and shews how poor a *Tool Providence* can work with, nay, is enough to convince an *Unbeliever*, that a whole *World* may be made out of *Nothing*. But the *Changling* all this while, (tho' less than the pitiful *Fly* on the *Cart-wheel*) fancies he makes all the *Rumblings*, and like the *Crackt brain Groom*, conceits himself an *Emperour*. And to *Pamper'd* and *Ireakish* is he grown, that now he will neither *lead* nor *drive*, but kicks and flings at the very *Jockeys* who first rid him, and having broke his *Halter*, hurries on in his own *Broad-way*; But being come almost to his *Journeys end*, let him take his *Swing*, and so we bid him *Adieu*; for like a true *Bromigham Egggar on Horse-back*, he is really *posting Tantivy* to the *Devil*.

*F I N I S.*

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